

Holy Bible

Movie Theater Management  
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A Plowman's Bible  
A P I W M N S B I B E

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CLAZ (14), EARTH



THE WHOLE WORLD IS TO BE A PROFESSIONAL IN THE VERY BEST GUY'S ARMY IN A PROFESSIONAL AGE 7 MAAGASCLAIR  
THERE'S NOTHING BETTER  
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD IS COOLER, HIGHER OR MORE FULFILLING THAN OUR SERVICE FOR THE LORD, WE ROCK!  
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**Be a Diamond of Dust Through the Keys! Keys Promise:** When activated in faith, the keys of yieldedness bring to your life the glow of peace and contentment.

# A Plowman's Bible

Name: William Tyndale  
(1494–1536)  
Location: The Low Countries  
(Now called Belgium.)  
Time period: 1536  
(Courtesy of *Voice of the Martyrs*)

“It would be wrong to translate God’s holy Word into English,” The Doctor of Divinity said sternly. “Only a language like Latin or Greek is able to fully convey God’s truth. English is a vulgar language—fine for plowmen and shopkeepers, but hardly suitable for the Bible.”



William Tyndale’s eyes blazed. He was fluent in several languages, including Greek and Hebrew. “Not only *can* an accurate English translation be done, it *should* be done. The Scriptures of God are being hidden from people’s eyes. The only way the poor people can read and see the simple, plain Word of God is if it is turned into their mother tongue, English.”

In the early 1500s, only scholars could read God’s Word. The only legal Bible was in Latin, which most of the common people could not understand. Since they could not read God’s Word for themselves, they had to rely upon what others told them it said.

It was illegal to own an English Bible or even memorize Scripture in English. In fact, in 1519, seven Christians were burned at the stake in Coventry, England, for teaching their children the Lord’s Prayer and the Ten Commandments in English!

Before long, the two men were arguing heatedly. Tyndale quoted Scriptures, the doctor quoted man-made traditions and church rules. Finally the Doctor of Divinity shouted, “It would be better to be without God’s laws than without the Pope’s!”

Tyndale courageously replied, “I defy the Pope and all his laws! In fact, if God spared my life, I intend to make it possible for the common farmer, a plowman, to know more of the Scripture than you do!”



ART BY SABINE

Within a year of Tyndale's conversation with the Doctor of Divinity, he decided it was no longer safe for him to stay in England, so he traveled to Germany. There he lived under an assumed name while he worked to finish his translation. When spies from England found him in Germany, he escaped into Belgium, where he printed thousands of New Testaments.

In 1526, Tyndale's English New Testament began trickling into England. The Scriptures, now referred to as the "pirate edition," were made smaller than conventional books. This size was easier to smuggle into bales of cotton and containers of wheat being shipped to England.

As copies poured into England, they were eagerly bought and read by all sorts of ordinary people, who often sat up all night reading them or hearing them read. When the Bishop of London discovered the New Testaments, he bought as many as he could on the black market, paying full price for them. He declared, "I intend to burn and destroy them all." The merchant who smuggled them into England gave the money to Tyndale, who then printed three times as many in a revised version. The Bishop of London had unknowingly become Tyndale's foremost financial supporter!

When Tyndale heard the Bibles were thrown into the fire, he said, "I expected they would burn the New Testaments. I expect they want to burn me too! This may yet happen, if it be God's will. Even so, I know I did my duty in translating the New Testament."

Within the next ten years, Tyndale's New Testament was widely distributed throughout England. Bible truths were now available to everyone, and many people discovered they could have a personal relationship with God based on His Word. At the same time, anyone caught with

this illegal book faced severe persecution. Prisons were overflowing and many Christians were executed. Weekly, reports of the persecutions would come to Tyndale, who remained in exile in Europe and continued his translation of the Old Testament. Two of Tyndale's close friends were burned at the stake. Even church officials, once persecutors, became martyrs after finding truth in Tyndale's work.





In the spring of 1535, a man named Henry Phillips arrived in Antwerp, where Tyndale had been hiding. In hopes of a reward, Phillips took it on himself to betray Tyndale after be-friending him.

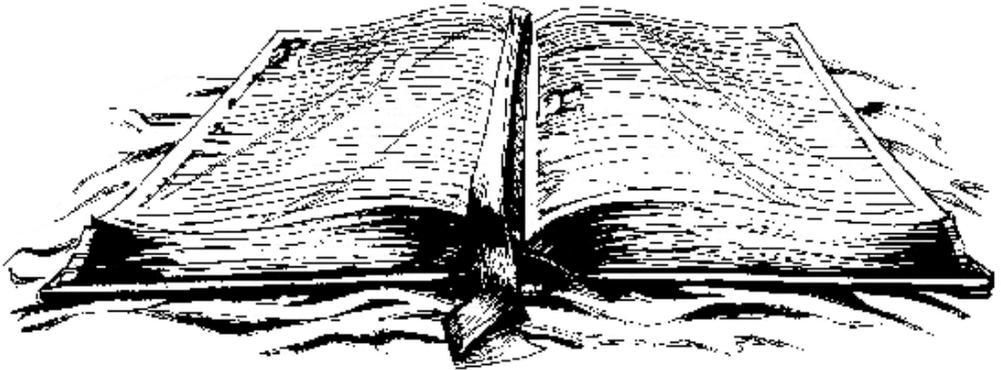
Tyndale spent the next eighteen months in prison near Brussels, Belgium. With the help of Miles Coverdale, he was able to complete part of the Old Testament. During his stay in prison, his powerful preaching and the sincerity of his life greatly influenced those around him. The jailer, the jailer's daughter, and others of his household accepted the Lord Jesus as their personal Savior.

On October 6, 1536, Tyndale was taken from his dungeon and put to death. His last words were a fervent prayer: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!"

God honored Tyndale's prayer. Within three years, the King of England gave instructions that a copy of the "Great Bible" completed by Tyndale's co-worker, Coverdale,

including Tyndale's New Testament be placed in every church in England!

Tyndale's translation was so accurate that 75 years later, when the King James Version of the Bible was published, it was based largely upon Tyndale's work. In fact, about 90 percent of the words remain exactly as he wrote them!



### **Note from *Voice of the Martyrs***

Many people today don't know that countless martyrs shed their blood to make God's Word available in English. Having the Scriptures available in the language of common people challenged the established church to return to its scriptural origins and rediscover the truth and power of a personal relationship with God through Jesus.

What if these courageous men and women had not taken a stand for making God's Word available to everyone? Would we be Christians today?

**Keys Promise:** As you desire the milk of the Word and absorb it, you will be transformed and your mind will be renewed through the keys, for the Word and the keys are one.

# Movie Theater Management

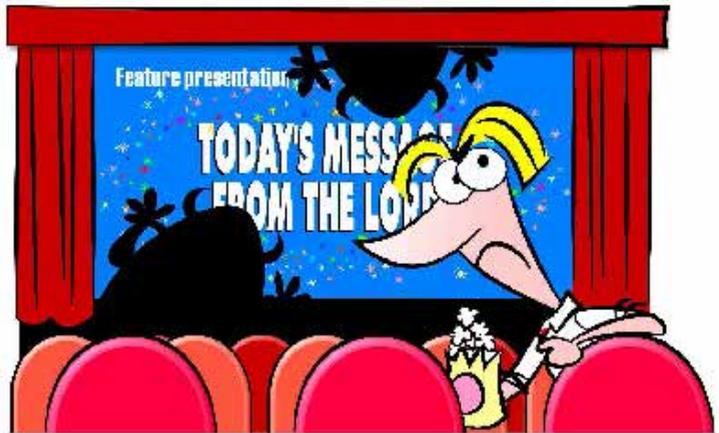


**B** (JESUS:) WHEN YOU GO TO A MOVIE THEATER, THE MOVIE IS SHOWN VIA A PROJECTOR. THERE IS A LARGE REEL OF FILM THAT IS THEN PROJECTED ONTO A SCREEN, ENLARGED VIA THE PROJECTOR. IN ORDER TO GET A CLEAR PICTURE THE PROJECTIONIST HAS TO BE SURE TO GET THE FILM IN STRAIGHT, AND NOT HAVE ANYTHING OBSTRUCTING THE PROJECTION.

YOUR CHANNEL IS SIMILAR TO A PROJECTOR IN THAT WAY, BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO CLEAR AWAY ALL OBSTRUCTIONS IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO RECEIVE CLEAR MESSAGES FROM ME.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE ENEMY IS ALWAYS TRYING TO OBSTRUCT MY PROJECTIONS IN WHATEVER WAY HE CAN. HE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO GET THE FULL PICTURE, OR THE FULL MESSAGE. SO HE'LL DO HIS DAMNEDEST TO LIMIT YOUR VIEW.

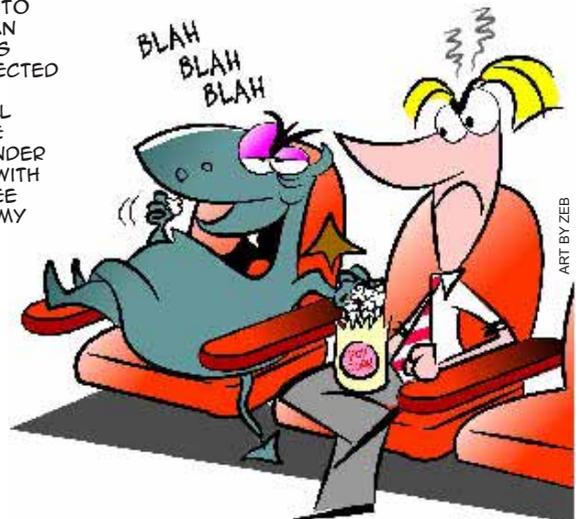
HE'LL ATTEMPT TO PLACE HIS HAND OVER THE PROJECTOR TO COVER THE PICTURE; HE'LL BRING HIS DEMON COHORTS AND DO A LITTLE PARADE IN FRONT OF IT.



HE'LL HANG FROM THE CEILING TO SEE IF HE CAN LIMIT WHAT IS BEING PROJECTED ON THE BIG SCREEN. HE'LL TOY WITH THE LIGHTS TO HINDER THE CLARITY WITH WHICH YOU SEE AND RECEIVE MY MESSAGES.

HE'S GOT ANNOYING NOISING GOING ON, OR WILL JABBER AWAY DURING THE SHOW, SO THAT YOU'RE UNABLE TO CATCH THE WORDS CLEARLY. HE'S GOT HIS ACT DOWN GOOD, AND IS CUNNING AT BREAKING UP RECEPTION, OR DISTRACTING YOU FROM GRASPING CRUCIAL PARTS. HE'LL DO WHAT HE CAN TO PREVENT YOU FROM RECEIVING WHAT I'M TRYING TO PROJECT TO YOU THROUGH PROPHECY.

**SO WHAT DO YOU DO?**

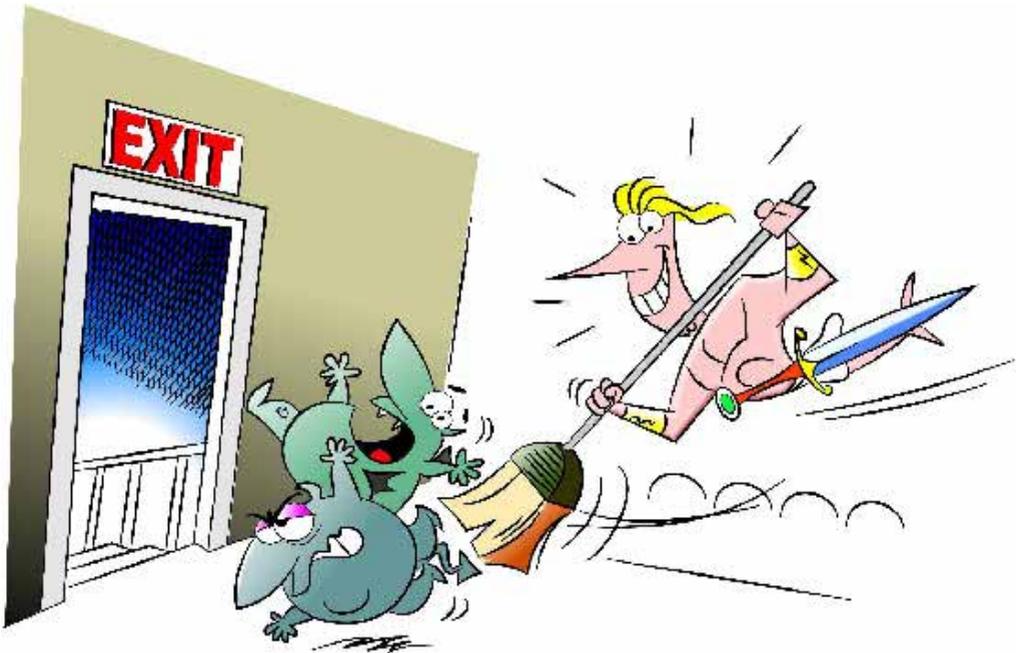


ART BY ZEB



MOVIE THEATERS HAVE WORKERS WHO MAKE SURE THAT EVERYTHING GOES AS PLANNED FOR THE DURATION OF THE MOVIE. THEY CLEAN UP THE PLACE BEFORE THE NEXT VIEWING, THEY HELP YOU FIND YOUR SEATS, THEY CHECK THE FILM AHEAD OF TIME, AND THEY MAKE SURE NO TROUBLEMAKERS ARE AROUND. THEY TAKE CARE OF THE LIGHTING, THEY ADJUST THE SOUND, AND THEY LOCK THE PROJECTOR ROOM TO MAKE SURE NO ONE CAN GET TO THE FILM.

YOU'VE GOT THOSE SAME HELPERS WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR CHANNEL WITH ME—SPIRIT HELPERS AND ANGELS. WITH THEIR HELP YOU CAN BLOCK OUT THE DISTRACTIONS MORE EASILY. YOU CAN CALL ON THEIR HELP TO STAND GUARD AGAINST THE DISTRACTING PLOYS OF THE ENEMY. IF YOU CALL ON THEIR HELP, THEY'LL GO IN BEFOREHAND AND DO A SWEEP OF YOUR MIND TO CLEAR IT OUT OF PREOCCUPYING THOUGHTS THAT WOULD OBSTRUCT YOUR CHANNEL. THEY'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR ANY SHENANIGANS THE ENEMY MIGHT BE CONNIVING. AND THEY'LL STAND WATCH AT THE DOOR OF YOUR MIND TO PREVENT ANY STRAYS FROM WANDERING IN.



NO MATTER WHAT DISGUISES THE ENEMY MIGHT USE TO TRY AND DISTRACT YOU OR CAUSE YOUR RECEPTION TO BE CHOPPY OR UNCLEAR, IF YOU'VE CALLED ON MY SPIRIT HELP, THEY'LL NAB THE PROBLEM OR PROBLEM CAUSER BEFORE IT EVEN HAS A CHANCE TO HINDER YOU.

CALL ON THE KEYS AS WELL, AND WITH THEM YOU CAN LOCK TIGHT ANY DOORS IN YOUR MIND THAT THE ENEMY WOULD ATTEMPT TO ENTER THROUGH. HE CAN POUND AWAY AT THE DOOR AND ATTEMPT TO UNLOCK IT, BUT IF YOU DON'T GIVE HIM ENTRANCE, THEN HE'S GOT NO WAY OF GETTING IN.



- SO HOW DOES THIS WORK? IT'S SIMPLE:
1. CALL ON SPIRIT HELP TO ASSIST YOU IN SECURING THE ENTRANCES OF YOUR MIND.
  2. USE THE KEYS TO CLOSE ANY DOORS OF DISTRACTION.
  3. LEAVE NO OPENING FOR THE ENEMY TO GAIN ENTRANCE.
  4. FOCUS ON MY WORDS, AND LET THEM FLOW.

**Keys Promise:** The power of the keys of lightning will destroy the attacks of the Enemy and anything that hinders your receiving My Words.

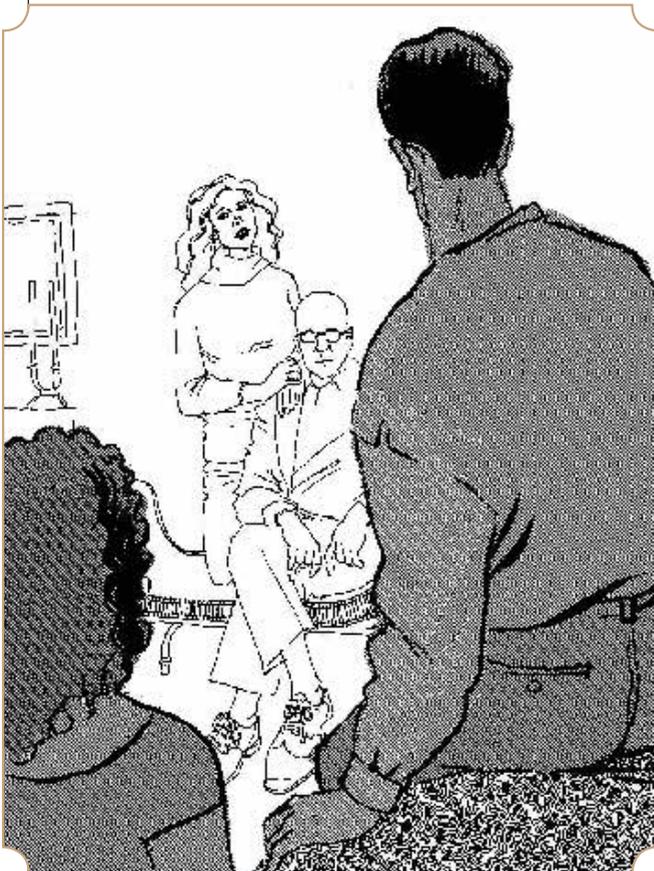
**Keys Promise:** If God be for you, who can be against you? If the keys of the Kingdom are on your side, who shall withstand you? If My angels are fighting to keep our connection strong and our communication clear, who shall hinder you? No one!

# WHEN LOVE STRIKES!

## Chapter 10: Activated!

"Victor, I know the Lord is keeping her," said Kyra. It was late afternoon and Victor Galeriu and his wife, Leandra, a beautiful Mexican woman, were sitting in Luna's living room having just finished praying desperately with Kyra and Justin. "We have prayed for her, and the Lord told us that she's in His hands. Remember the motto from that calendar you quoted me?"

ART BY TIAGO



"Give to those in need. One day you may benefit from the kindness of someone who does likewise," whispered Victor with a shake of his head. "I don't know. ..."

"You helped deliver Rafael from his captors, so I know the Lord is going to return your daughter to you safe and sound. God answers prayer, and He *does* work miracles."

Victor's cell phone rang.

"Señor Galeriu?"

"Who's speaking?"

"At this point my name doesn't matter," an uneasy voice crackled through the receiver. "It's about your daughter."

"Is she safe?"

"I ... I am afraid we have abducted a saint."

"What makes you say that?"

"Your daughter is a *muchacha formidable!* The moment we got her out of the car, she started praying for us. No screaming, scratching, and cursing. Totally peaceful! And after we were inside the hideout and we'd negotiated with you, she pulled out these religious magazines and started telling us about Jesus Christ. It struck the fear of God into me and some of the others. We want to forget this whole deal. I was put in charge of the operation, but it wasn't our idea in the first place."

"But, my daughter ... is she *safe?*"

"P ... perfectly safe, Señor."

"Did any of you...?"

"No, Señor. Like I said, we saw we'd done the wrong thing. I told them that if any one of them laid a finger on her I'd blow their brains out."

"And why are you turning them in?"

"I'm not turning anyone in, Señor, but this little incident is going to cause rifts in our militia. We're already talking about going about our cause in a different way. But that is probably irrelevant to you at the moment. Your daughter will be returned to you by this evening. Renato will drive her back home."

The anonymous caller clicked off. Victor buried his head in his hands and sobbed out a prayer of gratitude.

\* \* \*

"To celebrate, Victor wants to throw a party at his house in Mexico City this weekend," Kyra announced to the jubilant team as they sat at dinner that evening. "He wants us to play. And Marisa insists that the kids come, too. So that means we lock up the empty house and pray!"

"And he's putting us up for the night," Justin added. "Apparently his villa is big enough to have guest quarters."

Victor's celebration turned out to be no less lavish than the one thrown previously by Justin's father, Luis, who had been invited, along with Rafael and Gabriela.

Gabriela was herself very happy to meet Marisa, as they were perusing the banquet table that displayed a variety of aperitifs and *hors d'oeuvres*.

"I've heard so much about you," said Gabriela. "All very flattering! It seems they weren't exaggerating!"

"*Gracias.*"

"And how you handled your kidnapers is just astounding. It would make a great front-page story."

"I don't think Papa wants it broadcast," said Marisa. "I'm not sure if I want it either! Besides, a lot of credit goes to Abner and the Luna team."

"Of course. They're a wonderful bunch, and Abner's a great kid." Gabriela lowered her voice. "You seem to be getting along very well together..."

"Yes, in fact he's coming to Cuernavaca while I'm on vacation with his brother and Mer for a project they have there."

"You mean his brother, Clay?"

"Yes."

"And Mer?"

"Yes, Meredith the singer. They say it's beautiful up there. I've never been."

"Wh ... why is Clay taking her? Just curious."

"Actually," Marisa whispered, "they're pretty close."

"I see."

Gabriela's sudden pensiveness was interrupted by her brother who introduced himself to Marisa.

"I saw you there at the opening of the Global Madison," Rafael said. "But I didn't get to say '*hola!*' Phew, join the 'kidnapped' club! But apparently you handled it in a whole different way than I did. Congratulations."

"It was prayer and Jesus who got me out of there," said Marisa.

"Me too," said Rafael.

"But you *transformed* those brutes. It's phenomenal the change that came over Paco Torres, the leader of that team."

Marisa laughed. "*Bueno!* But I still can't quite imagine I actually said and did those things in the face of those guns."

"Well, you *did*, Marisa. How you told them about Jesus, and the way you were so calm and full of faith divided the faction. A lot of them got convicted about the bloodshed. *Gracias a Dios.* Everything okay, Gabi? You look preoccupied."

Gabriela shook her head and excused herself.

"Leaving so soon?" Clay asked as he was coming out of the guest bathroom and saw Gabriela heading for the front doors.

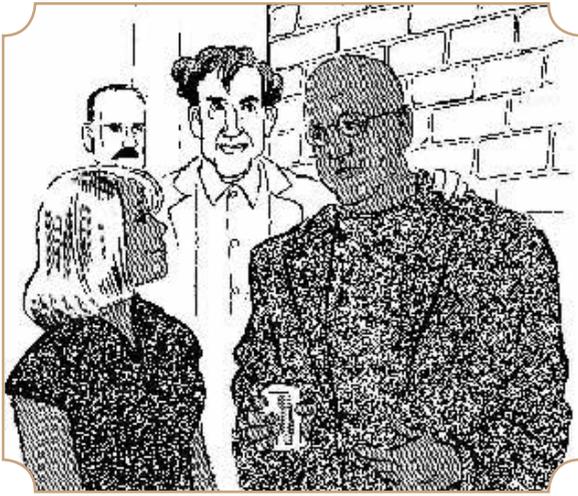
"Yes," she said, coldly.

"*Buenas noches.*"

"Why?"

"One word—Meredith."

\* \* \*



"The kidnapping was set up by Hurtado," said Victor, who was standing by the fireplace, sipping a brandy and answering questions from a few of his guests. "They wanted to pay me back for betraying them and delivering Rafael, but it backfired!"

"And your chauffeur, Renato? Was he in on it?"

"I suspected it at first, and it was a source of great stress for me, as he's been my driver for fifteen years. But, *gracias a Dios*, he was just a pawn in their game. They had somehow got a hold of his cell phone number, and told him that I wanted him to pick up something confidential at a certain address. I have had to caution him many times on his stupidity. He didn't think to check in with me."

"You mean they'd banked this whole thing on Renato's ... er ... unintelligence?"

"Not quite. The address they'd given him was bona fide. He's picked up packages and things for me there many times—but not at twelve-thirty at night. Apparently he'd had a few drinks at the show, so his judgment was impaired. Marisa said he put up a good fight, but he was outnumbered."

"Poor Renato. Is he badly hurt?"

"He has some bruises and a couple of head wounds. But he's a tough customer ... the doctors say he'll pull through."

\* \* \*

"Abner, did you tell Marisa to keep the lid on me and Mer?" Clay asked, as he, Kyra and Abner gathered in one of the guest rooms after the party.

"No," Abner replied. "I didn't know I was supposed to. She'd picked up on it, and I just said it was pretty obvious."

story feature

Clay shook his head despairingly. "Do you think the Lord is trying to get through to us about something?"

"So many of these problems of late with Gabriela—and with others—could have been avoided," Kyra mused. "Maybe you should ask the Lord about it."

"I did pray about it initially," said Clay. "But at the time the Lord told me not to tell Gabriela, as it would get her distracted from absorbing the Word we were sharing with her. I hadn't taken it back to the Lord again, *though*...."

"And did He also tell you not to tell the Home?"

"Er ... no. Not really. I guess, I..."

"Well, it's not like most of us haven't noticed, ... but it's always better to have things out in the open," Kyra said with a gentle hand on Clay's arm.

"You're totally right. Seems like we've got a few ostriches with their heads in the sand around here—me for one," said Clay with a sigh.

"So how was Gabi when she left the party?"

"Pretty peeved. But then it all came out about her feelings for me and all. I wish we could just get on with ministering and feeding the sheep without all these complications of personal relationships!"

"It's not as simple as all that," said Kyra. "We are dealing with people's hearts, lives, emotions, spirits ... everything!"



"Well, it turned out okay in the end," Clay continued. "We had good prayer together, but I couldn't get her to stay for the show. She said that at least we were honest when confronted with these questions, and she admires us for that. She just wishes that we could feel freer to draw her more into our confidence, especially because she feels very free to tell us all about her own innermost emotions and battles."

"She has a point. So are we on for a Home meeting tomorrow night?"

"Yes," said Clay.

"Maybe we can bring up some of these points."

"And are we still on for the trip to Cuernavaca?" Abner asked Clay.

Clay smiled and rubbed his younger brother's head. "Looks like it, if the Lord confirms!"

"Victor's still in favor of Marisa joining up with you, along with Renato, of course," said Kyra. "And he agreed to have you all stay with her while you're there."

"The Lord's rewarding you, Abner," said Clay. "Apparently you charmed Leandra to bits!"

"Taking after your brother," Kyra said to Abner with a grin.

---

(Jesus:) Love, humility, and prayer solve all problems. Communication is the name of the game. As you seek to communicate with your co-workers in an attitude of love, humility, and prayerfulness, I will pour down My Spirit and My blessings to solve your problems and to make things right. Bring your difficulties before Me and let Me answer you in prophecy. This is the new weapon for this new day, and I can give clear, practical, workable, yet simple answers that will make the clouds melt away.

My Words are the magic bullets that will solve all your problems, and you must only ask Me in faith and receive what I give you.

("Witnessing and Follow-Up Pitfalls!"  
ML #3245:146,148-149)

## Chapter 11: Touching Base

"It's okay, Amy," Clay said tenderly, sitting as casually as he could on the office chair with Amy wringing her hands as she sat on her bed in front of him. "Most of us in the Home are realizing that we need to take serious stock of the things that have been covered in the New Wine. To be honest, we haven't done as much as we should, and we've been disobeying somewhat."

"Amen," said Amy. "I've been so convicted."

Clay, moving to the bed and sitting next to her, put his arm around Amy and continued. "I know I have not been following as close as I should've been, which that accident was largely a result of, and I want to apologize for my attitude that day. It must've made you feel pretty bad."

"It's all right, Clay, the Lord showed me a few things about the accident myself. One of which has been my interaction with and focus on Tim's life."

"Didn't you take him out the other night?"

"Yes."

"How did it go?"

Amy sighed. The occasion in question had been the previous Thursday evening when, in an effort to have some personal "touch base" time with Tim, she had invited him to a meal out. Tim decided to go, reluctantly agreeing to the condition that it was to be just the two of them.



story feature

The meal at the hamburger joint was somewhat strained until one of the young employees enquired of Tim who had gone to the counter for condiments and napkins, if his "sister" had ordered the vanilla milkshake. Tim, returning to their table with a beam of satisfaction on his face and a sudden renewed conception of his mother, relayed to her the young man's inadvertent compliment. Amy smiled and said something about the illusory effects of the fluorescent lighting, but Tim felt a lump come up in his throat to see the hurt in her eyes. Why hadn't he noticed it before?

"What's wrong, Mom?" he had asked, to which Amy had replied with a mumbled remark about "hoping it wasn't too little, too late."

Knowing full well what she was referring to, Tim nevertheless asked what she meant. Amy skirted the issue with vague comments about her being busy and having a hard time keeping up with her duties to the Home and her children.

*My sister,* Tim thought. He felt like crying, but that would not do in a burger joint surrounded by other kids his age. *Jesus, if I see her like that, it's a whole different thing. She's trying.—She's trying so hard, when all I've been thinking about is me.*

Presently, with her eyes clouding wistfully as she dipped her last French fry

into the tomato ketchup, Amy started singing quietly along with a revamped version of the old song "Will You Be There for Me?" that had come blaring through the sound system.

*That's the problem, Tim continued musing as he drained his milkshake. I've been looking around concerned about who was going to be there for me, when I can't think of a time when I've been there for anyone. Least of all my mom. Selfishness. All that GN stuff about it is making sense. Lord, please help me.*

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said finally, shaking his head. "I guess we should go."

"Yes, Tim. It's late. Thanks for the sweet time."

"So that's about all he said," said Amy after recounting the events of that night to Clay. "It was like, 'sorry, Mom, nice try. Thanks, but no thanks.'"

"I'm sure he didn't mean it like that," said Clay. "But anyway, I guess we're going to have to address this situation. I take a lot of the blame. I haven't been tuning into him or Abner as much as I should."

"I don't expect you to. You're so busy."

"That's been one of my problems."

"If you had, I probably would have resented it anyway," said Amy, tearfully. "I even resist Javier whenever he tries to correct the girls, when he's been such a blessing in their lives. It took this stealing incident exploding in my face to wake me up to the fact that Tim—and the girls, for that matter—need more help."

"Tim's a good kid," said Clay. "This incident has grown him up and made him more aware of his sample and responsibility to his little sisters."

"Yes, he is a good kid. Although I need to realize he's actually not a kid anymore. His voice is deepening, hair is growing, and hormones are exploding!"

Clay grinned. "So I gather! If the stories he tells Abner are true!"

"What stories?"

"About all his girlfriends and the things he's done with them."

"Oh, *that*," said Amy with a laugh. "I had to look into this before, after hearing reports of his wild tales. I have it on good authority that he has barely even held *hands* with a girl! He's scared stiff at area fellowship dance nights."

Clay smiled.

Amy continued, "But maybe all that bluff is to compensate for the way I still treat him like he's ten years old—protecting and mollycoddling him when he needs a strong hand in his life."

"Perhaps," said Clay. "I was the same way at his age. My parents were kind of soft, and although I took advantage of it, inside I was crying out for a bit of ... *toughness*. Something to give my character some grit. That's why I went on a kind of 'I wanna join the army'-type trip and played military dress-up! It's like my spirit was saying, 'Hey, guys, give me some discipline!' Of course, I would never have admitted that, as I was pretty rebellious against any rules! Ha!"

"Tough image to hide weak guts, I guess," said Amy with a grin.

"Yeah, but it took a lot of guts for Tim to confess his mistake to Marisa and Abner," said Clay. "That doesn't exactly show weak character."

"I'm the weak character in the whole saga," said Amy.

"Now that's going overboard!" said Clay. "You certainly don't have a tough image! And I admire your having to bring up these kids virtually single-handed."

"It hasn't had to be single-handed, Clay. I've had oodles of offers for help."

"I'm not surprised," said Clay with a charming smile. "You're an attractive woman."

"Thanks, that's sweet. But I just haven't always accepted the help, except when it suited my purposes."

Clay ran his fingers through his hair, stretched, and looked at his watch. "Oops, I've got fifteen minutes till my class with Gabriela. What do you think

about bringing this up for prayer and possible discussion at our next Home council meeting? Making the presentation as 'Tim and Abner friendly' as possible, of course."

"I would appreciate that, I think. I sure need it."

"Anyway," said Clay, giving her a hug and kissing her forehead, "please pray about it, and let me know."

\* \* \*

Abner and Tim were watching a movie, Amy and Javier were doing a project with the two girls before bed, Justin was playing a computer game, Kyra was taking a shower, and Mer was standing awkwardly in the kitchen with Gabriela who was sipping a juice and waiting for Clay.

"He's having a chat with Amy," said Mer. "She's concerned about Tim. You know, ... *teens*," she added with authority.

"Oh yes. It's a rough age," Gabriela said and looked around the walls of the kitchen. "You write songs, don't you?"

Mer nodded. Her inward prayer had been that their knowledge of each other's feelings for Clay would not negatively influence hers and Gabriela's interaction. She was not sure if Gabriela was subconsciously picking up that she was ill at ease, but the woman was making a brave attempt at bridging any distance between them.

"It's such a talent," Gabriela continued. "I just marvel at how you can pick up that instrument of wood and wire strings and create something so magical."



story feature

The plea in Gabriela's eyes for connection warmed Mer's heart and she smiled.

"Yeah, it is a gift," she said. "But it's no different than any other gift, really. Like you have a gift for ... er ... making people feel at home, for instance."

Gabriela chuckled. "Yes, I suppose you could say I do. I've always been pushed into those sort of situations ... hosting and stuff. But it's not artistic and creative."

"It doesn't matter," said Mer. "I wish I had your people-handling skills. And your *elegance*. I'm such an ill-mannered klutz sometimes. Clay always has to..."

"What?"

"Oh, n... nothing. When I'm on stage and stuff ... he ... it doesn't matter. It's just that our presentation is very important to him."

"Mer. About Clay, it's..." Gabriela stopped and pulled a piece of paper from her handbag.

"I want to show you this," she said timidly. "You're a songwriter and..."

She handed the paper to Mer, who looked it over.

"They're words for a song that came to me the other night while I was praying about this recent emotional ... you know. Clay had read me some things about what Jesus is worth to me, and I was looking at that picture of Jesus by my bedside. I even got a tiny bit of a tune, but I wanted your help. Please don't feel pressured. Maybe it's a lame idea..."

*What am I worth to you?  
What do I mean in this world to you?  
What am I worth to you?  
More than your dreams,  
Ambitions and schemes,  
Programs and plans,  
The works of your hands?  
What am I worth to you?  
What do I mean on this earth to you?  
What am I, what am I,  
What am I worth to you?*

"It was kind of spooky," said Gabriela. "But I got words that I'd never use normally. And in English! It was like someone was dictating them to me."

"Jesus Himself," said Mer.  
"Wow! *Claro...*"

*This world is passing, and the corruption thereof,  
While I stand here asking, "Who do you love?"  
I hold out My hands, and give you a choice,  
'Twixt the sirens of Satan or My gentle voice.*

*What am I worth to you?  
What am I on this earth to you?  
Will you be stirred  
To follow My Word,  
Forsake worldly trends,  
Lovers and friends?  
What am I worth to you?*

Mer couldn't hold back the tears. "Let me get my guitar."

She returned a few moments later with a determined expression and pulled a chair up to the kitchen table.

"Thank You for these beautiful and timely words, Jesus," she said, strumming a chord and scrutinizing the piece of paper. "And help us get this down. Hum your melody, Gabriela."

"It's really nothing...", said Gabriela, blushing after a few moments of faltered warbling.

"It's a beautiful tune!" exclaimed Mer. "And look, it's a three-chord wonder!"

"I thought as much," said Gabriela.

"No, it's simple, but it *grabs* you!"

"That's cool," said Clay, who entered the kitchen while Mer was delivering a wholehearted rendition of the composition. "A new one?"

Gabriela nodded.

Mer paused from singing. "Gabriela got the words *and* the tune. Powerful, isn't it?"

"Sure is. And right in line with the current New Wine!"

"Hey, that rhymed," said Gabriela.

"Didn't know you had a 'poetic license'!" said Mer.

"It expired," said Clay.  
"So don't get any ideas.  
Ready for class, Gaga?"

*Gaga?* Mer panicked for an instant, but her quickening heart was calmed by the glowing gratitude in Gabriela's glistening eyes.

"*Gracias, Mer,*" she whispered as she hugged her. "You don't know how much this meant to me. And if I don't get to see you before you go, have a good time in Cuernavaca."

## Chapter 12: On a Roll

"It looks like the priority is to address the schedule problem," said Clay as he perused a printout of the topics for the Home meeting.

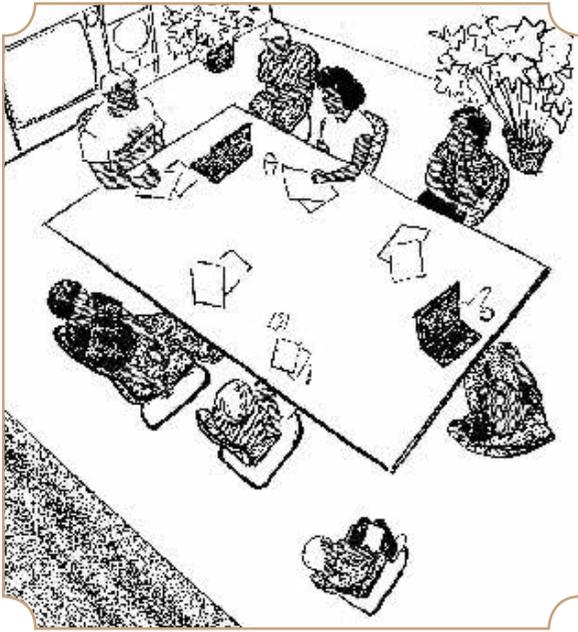
"I'm sorry it has been such a difficulty for Amy, and it's not exactly contributing to our unity factor. Does anybody have any suggestions?"

There was a period of silence as the members of Luna glanced at each other around the table. Mer's mouth dropped open as all eyes seemed to fall on her.

"Okay, guys. So?"

"It's just that you have all the answers," Justin quipped.

"As if."



Clay winked and smiled. "They must have gotten it in the spirit," he said. "Go ahead."

"Okay. Me and Clay talked about this the other night. And it wasn't like we were talking about anyone behind their backs. But the Lord showed us..."

"Showed *you*," said Clay.

"But Clay agreed, that he needs to back off a bit and really pray about his priorities. *We all do!*"

"Examples?" asked Justin.

"Like for instance, why does he have to operate the PA for every little gig? That's something that could be passed onto Abner, for instance. Or if Javier needs to stay home with the kids, then maybe Abner could fill in on perc and Tim could take over on the PA. Something like that."

"Or better yet," Javier said with a laugh, "we take the kids with us! A perfect enhancement of our show, and it takes care of the schedule problem.

"I'm not sure," said Amy. "Maybe it's okay with early shows, but I don't know how seeing the kids getting up in the middle of the day and coming home at all hours of the night would go over with the neighbors."

"Not to mention with the club clientele and the owners," said Justin. "Hi, little girl, do your parents know where you are?"

"Just kidding," said Javier. "Bad idea! But they sure set the whole Zócalo Plaza on fire!"

story feature

"Anyway," Mer continued, "Clay knows he needs more time to pray, hear from the Lord, take time off, but his time is taken up at practice and gigs with a job that Tim could handle with his eyes closed!"

"Phew," said Justin. "Are you becoming Clay's personal time management expert?"

"In some ways," said Clay.

"Wait a minute, Mer," said Kyra, somewhat heatedly. "That sounds all very well and good in theory. But just for your 'information' folder, Clay does happen to take care of a lot of the business, meeting the club owners and all."

"You could take care of that with honors, Honey," said Justin. "Clay does a great job, but I think he'd be the first to agree that you seem to have more of an eye for our finance situation than any of us."

"That's right," said Clay. "Those promoters wouldn't stand a chance, and you'll be charming the pants off them at the same time."

"Okay. I'm sorry, guys," said Kyra. "I guess ideas like this do rock our HMS frame of reference. I want to be yielded, and if the Lord confirms all this, I'm okay with it. But *I am* pregnant, and that'll throw a whole 'nother factor into the equation pretty soon."

"Okay then, shall we move on," said Clay, noticing a restlessness in Abner and Tim after the discussion had revolved around

Kyra's pregnancy for awhile. "The cards are out on the table on that delegation issue and we can pray about it further, so I guess we should move onto the prayer requests. We have about three."

"I can go first," said Mer, breaking the atmosphere of hesitancy. "I want to say right off the bat that I'm sorry for coming on so SR sometimes—this meeting included. I want to ask for prayer for ... I mean *against* that, which shows up in my yucky tendency to know exactly what applies to the next guy when reading the Word, and also against criticalness, jealousy and you name it."

"Can you," Clay asked, "like, I mean, name any demon or hindering spirit?"

"The Lord showed me that the main one was Selvegion. I guess that's enough for starters."

"Okay, thanks, Mer. Who wants to go next?"

Kyra took a deep breath, looked up at the ceiling with a prayer for the Lord to bless her words and began. "As you've probably noticed I've been battling lately with comparing and my place in the band, but actually the Lord's been showing me that my comparing battles were a result of not getting in the Word as much as I should. I was shocked myself at that sudden attack of comparing ... or more like *jealousy* over Mer and the attention she was getting. It's not something I've usually battled with, right Jus?"

Jus shook his head. "Especially not over another woman's beauty or talents. I was surprised too."

"Well, after reading the 'Victory over Comparing' GN, the Lord told me that although it wasn't a usual battle of mine or an NWO, He allowed it to humble me. But He also showed me how I'd been getting flip-pant and shallow and critical ... all stemming from the lack of deep feeding. Even the thing that went amiss with Gabriela were results of it. I didn't even notice until Jus pointed it out to me that my interaction with her had been on a rather superficial level. All that advice about clothes, diets, and baby care. It all seemed so good and helpful, and it is ... some of it ... but it's not... you know..."

"The best," said Justin.

"No. So I'm really sorry, you guys. Please forgive me. I had written out a whole slew of things to pray for and against, but I lost the list, so I guess I just have to throw it all in an ABC zip file and give it to the Lord and let Him decipher it."

"Thanks, Kyra," said Clay. "You're all so brave. It's helping me to get ready to present my prayer requests, which is a mega package with all the lessons about the van and stuff. But don't worry, I'm saving

it for tomorrow's devotions! Anyway, I believe Amy has something to share."

"Well, the Lord's been showing me," Amy said softly, "and Jesus help me not to get too emotional and embarrass Tim here. ..."

"It's okay Mom, really."

"...Is that just because I push things into the background or sweep them under the carpet, it doesn't mean that others don't see it. Like the discipline of my kids for instance, or rather lack of it. I've just been deceiving myself."

Except for Kyra who squeezed Amy's hand reassuringly, the rest of the Home members looked down at the table, and said nothing.

"And, like I told sweet Clay last night, this thing with Timothy and the watch hammered it home. I want to ask for prayer. I want to claim the keys that by His grace, I'll not get sensitive when one of you has to step in and correct Jess and Carol."

Timothy, who up until his mother's confession, had been exercising his powers of endurance while sitting and staring blankly into space, suddenly raised his hand.

"Can I say something?"

"Sure," said Clay. "Unless it's something that can wait until after the prayer."

"I'd better say it now," said Tim in a trembling but unusually projected voice. "Otherwise I don't think I'll have the guts. I want to say I really love and appreciate you guys. This is the cool-

est Home I've ever been in. I mean that. It's like, I mean, it's great how you help take care of my mom, Jav—that's really meant a lot to me, and how you've cared for Jess and Carol, of course. And this idea of like, giving me a chance to help with the band ... it's awesome. So I want to say I'm really sorry for being such a selfish jerk. It's like, you know, the Lord's been holding a mirror in my face these last few days, and it's a bummer.—My attitudes and stuff. I want to change and let you know that I'm with you guys, and I want to make it and be a blessing like Abner here. He's the coolest friend and a good example."

Abner shook his head. "It's nothing, man..."

"No really..." Tim stopped and shut his eyes. "I want you all to..."

"Pray for you?" Kyra ventured after a few moments of silence.

Tim nodded.



(Jesus:) Just as the clouds roll away and part, revealing the light and heat of the sun, so have the Heavens opened and the power of your spirit helpers been released to strengthen and anoint and empower you! You've called upon Heaven, and the power of Heaven has been activated by your call, and you've been given the reward of your prayers. You've won a great victory! Even if you don't see or feel or taste the full victory this minute, know that you have it by faith, and nothing can take it away from you as long as you keep believing and trusting and holding on to it. Just keep believing, and you'll see the complete fulfillment of My every promise to you.

("Freedom Through United Prayer!" ML #3171:21)

After each person's prayer requests were enumerated, Clay suggested that each one lay hands on the person next to them and pray a prayer for them.

"And here's the Dictaphone if you get anything you want to give," —he nodded to Mer, who discreetly picked up her guitar and began strumming—"after Mer has sung this beautiful song that Gabriela got that seems to wrap up a lot of the emotional battles we've been through these last few weeks."

*What am I worth to you?*

*she sang, softly.*

*What do I mean on this  
earth to you?*

*Will you give Me your fears,*

*Thoughts and ideas,*

*Position and pride,*

*To just be My bride,*

*Woah, what am I worth to you?*

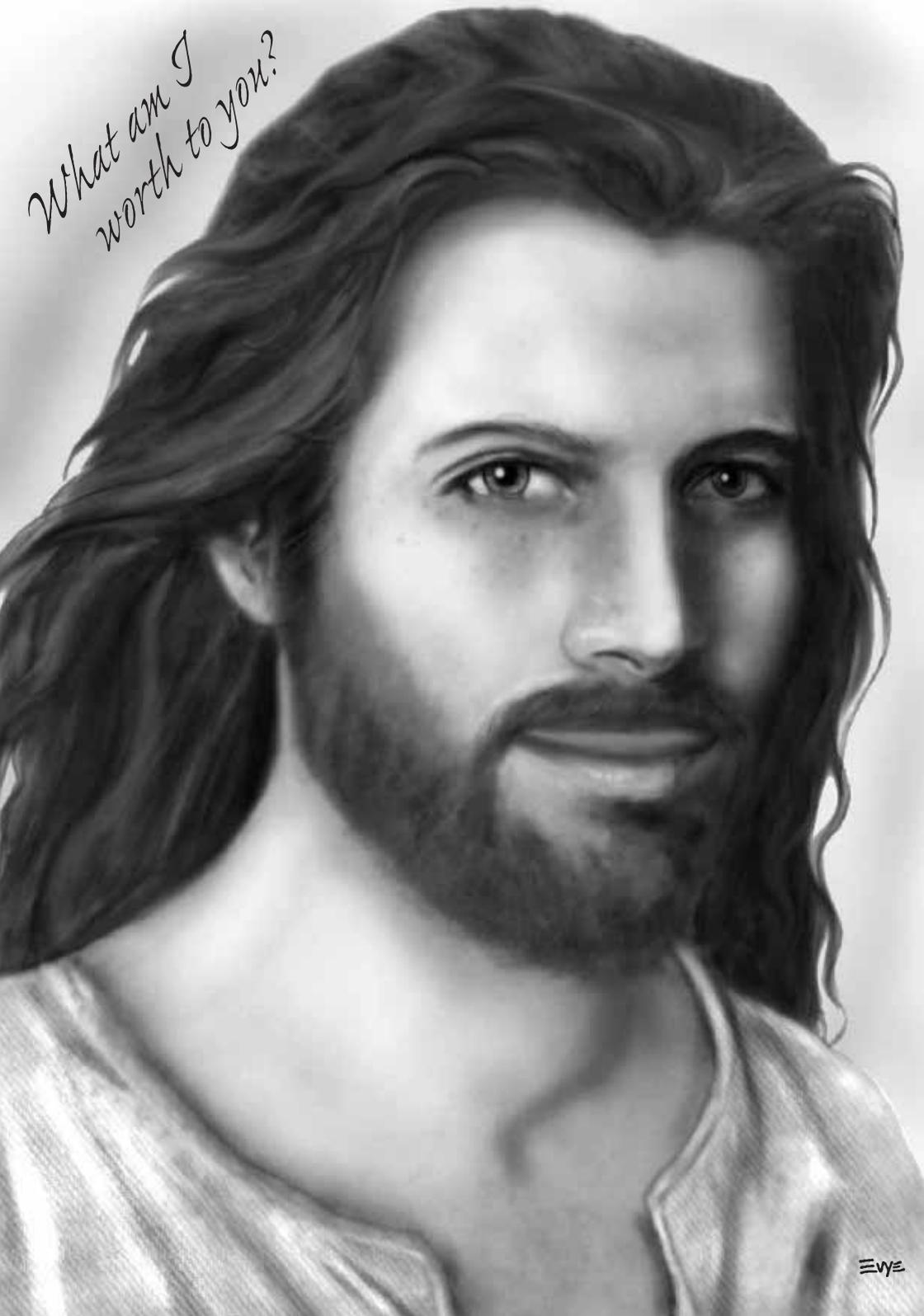
*What do I mean in this  
world to you?*

*What am I worth to you?*

*What am I, what am I worth  
To you?*

*Mmm. What am I  
worth to you?*

*What am I  
worth to you?*





# Wield the **WORD WEAPON**

(JESUS:) CLAIM MY POWER AGAINST PAN AND BACCHUS AND ALL THEIR WIVES. THEY WILL TRY TO COME BACK TIME AND TIME AGAIN, BUT YOU WILL NEVER NEED TO FEAR THEM AGAIN AS YOU KEEP FIGHTING, AS YOU KEEP SLAMMING THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART IN THEIR FACES, AS YOU KEEP UP THE STANDARD OF MY WORD BY CLAIMING MY PROMISES FOR YOU AND LETTING THAT BANNER FLY HIGH ABOVE YOUR CAMP.



MY WORDS WILL CUT THEM TO THE HEART. AND EVEN THOUGH THEY'LL TRY ALL THE HARDER TO GET IN FOR A TIME, AS YOU KEEP FIGHTING, AS YOU KEEP ASKING FOR PRAYER, AS YOU KEEP WIELDING THE WEAPON OF MY WORD AND CALLING ON THE POWERFUL KEY ANGELS TO HELP YOU, THEN YOU WILL FIND THAT THE STRENGTH OF THESE EVIL ONES WHO SEEK TO TORMENT YOU WILL DISSIPATE AND YOU WILL HAVE TRUE FREEDOM.

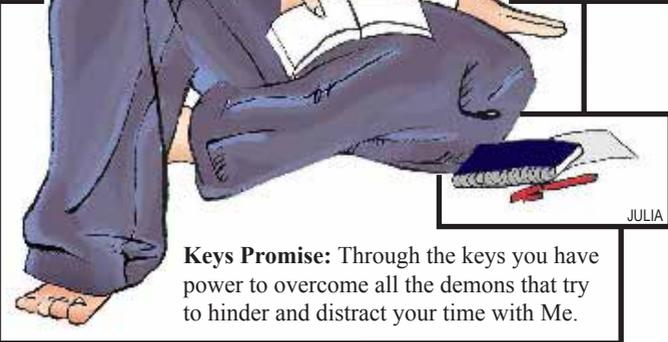


YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO YOU FOR YOUR OBEDIENCE TO CALL ON THE POWER OF THE KEYS, AND NOTHING SHALL BY ANY MEANS HARM YOU! ("EXPOSING BACCHUS!" ML #3402:176-177, 179)



**Keys Promise:** My Word is a complete spiritual universe.

When you are spending time in My Word, all other thoughts are of no value. Resist them in the power of the keys and they will flee from you.

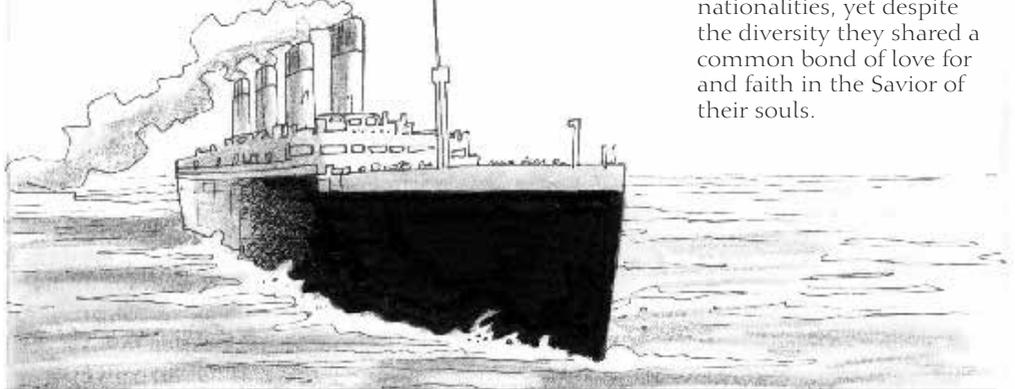


**Keys Promise:** Through the keys you have power to overcome all the demons that try to hinder and distract your time with Me.



# THE PARABLE OF THE TRANSOCEANIC SHIP

Told by Jesus



**B** There was a mighty ship that sailed the oceans of the world. This ship held thousands of people of all ages and nationalities, yet despite the diversity they shared a common bond of love for and faith in the Savior of their souls.

They worked diligently during their days and even their nights,

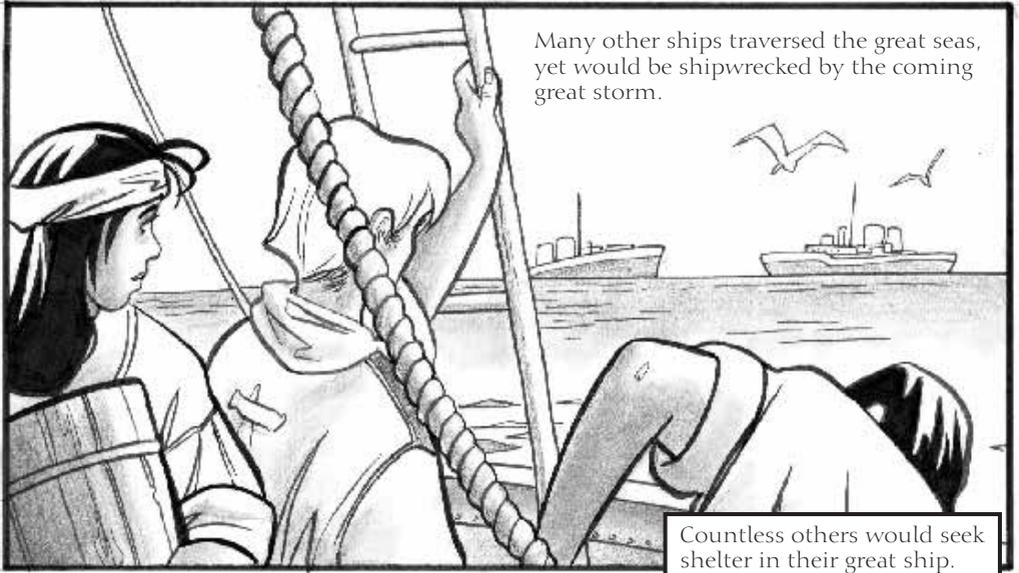
and when they took time off they enjoyed fully the blessings of their Savior and Provider.



ART BY JEREMY

They bore children and raised them to have faith in and a love for the Scriptures.

In all they did, they worked with some haste, knowing of the prophesied great storm that was coming to their world.



Many other ships traversed the great seas, yet would be shipwrecked by the coming great storm.

Countless others would seek shelter in their great ship.

Even now, many joined their ship month by month, to learn and grow in the faith these people shared. And ever they prepared for the coming storm.

There were some who rode this ship who were not of the same conviction.

They liked the amenities the ship provided, for it was a blessed and a hallowed life.

There were struggles, but there was the promise of celestial care that kept this ship safe from many of the dangers that threatened other ships on the wide sea.



These people did not care to work diligently or to prepare for the great storm, for they had begun to doubt that the great storm would come. Instead, they frittered their time away, endlessly decorating their quarters and playing games that had no meaning beyond empty amusement.

# AND SO THE DAY CAME AS WAS PROPHESED.

Those who had prepared diligently in heart and spirit were ready for the storm and secured their quarters of the ship.

They had built many rope ladders which they now hung down the side of the ship, so that the weary and frightened could climb up to safety.

They were ready to take in others who might seek refuge with them, and to teach them, as they had already taught so many.

But those who had not prepared had no rope ladders to let down, or at most just one or two old ones.

When weary half-drowned people climbed up to their quarters, these ones were at a loss as to what to teach them in the art of survival through the long storm that had barely begun, and had few words to share that could comfort them.

This ship, My children, represents you, all the world over. You may be in different quarters of the ship, but you are all in the same vessel, sailing over the seas on the course I have charted. Prepare diligently for the storm and redeem the time well, that you might be prepared for the great and final reaping of the souls in dire straits who shall seek you out.



(JESUS:) YOU WHO PREPARE NOT WILL BE AS THE BRIDES WITHOUT OIL, AS ONE WHO MERELY GOES ALONG IN THE TIME OF PEACE, NOT DISCERNING THE SIGNS OF THE TIME AND NOT PREPARING, ...

...AND SUDDENLY THE DAY IS UPON YOU. THEN YOU'LL SAY,

"NOW I MUST DO EXPLOITS. NOW I MUST DO THOSE THINGS WHICH I HAVE BEEN TOLD."



BUT YOU WILL NOT HAVE THE MEANS TO DO THEM IN THE SAME POWER OF THE SPIRIT AS THOSE WHO HAVE PREPARED,



WHO HAVE DILIGENTLY SOUGHT ME,



WHO LOOK INTO ME IN ALL THEIR WAYS,

WHO ARE LED BY MY SPIRIT,

WHO HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH MY WORD,

WHO HAVE SEPARATED THEMSELVES UNTO ME IN SPIRIT,

WHO HAVE YIELDED,

WHO HAVE BEEN OBEDIENT.

("Where Are We Now?—Endtime Update!" ML #3027:10, November 1995)



# Enaya

(Xn: This message was received for a young woman on her birthday.)

(Spirit helper:) My name is Enaya. I am come on this day to you as a new spirit helper. I am our Savior's gift of love to you. I will be with you always. I

will protect you. I will care for you. I will guide you. I will keep you. I will whisper in your ear and help you in your personal life. I will be your mentor and companion. I will be your wisdom.

I am tall and slender, yet strong. My hair is

copper colored. It flows out and is as straight as metal. It shines in the light and reaches nearly to my waist. I wear it down most of the time, as part of my armor, part of my attire, for it glints in the sun and is strong and supple.

My eyes are strong, set apart, and with a fierce look, for I am a fighting woman. I wield the power of the keys on the behalf of my charges and whomever my Lord sends me to guard and help. You are now my new charge. A permanent companion I will be to you.

My dress is simple because the light of the Lord's power shines on me and I have no need of adornments. I wear a simple tan-colored piece of cloth over my body. It is sleeveless. I wear a belt at my waist, upon which I hang my weapon of choice, and a ring of keys. Always I carry the ring of keys.

On my arms there are bands of silver with small slits in the metal showing my arms. Through these openings shoot the Lord's power to defeat our enemies when the wrath of



the Lord is stirred against the Evil One. On my feet are sandals of silver, with straps of silver that are shaped and fastened to curve around my legs, and yet provide comfort and mobility. It's a wonder of Heaven that solid metals can be used in many forms.

In my hand I hold a jewel. This is my birthday gift to you. It comes, of course, from the courts of Heaven, so really it is a birthday gift to you from your Husband, but I bring it. It is a special gem, large in size, flat on my palm

but raised on the top, cut in a million ways to reflect the light. This jewel will help you to understand the ways of those around you. This jewel will help you in your personal life. I will interpret this jewel for you, as you hold it in your hands and turn it this way and that way, and see the light refract through it in a million different ways. I will tell you what each cut means and how to allow its beauty to permeate your life.

I have come to not only be a protector and

keeper of your life, but to help you as a personal and intimate friend. I will wipe away your tears in those desperate moments. I will give you counsel about the things that are so dear to your heart. Trust me with your inner thoughts and concerns, for I have much experience. I have had much love. I have given

much love. I have known the true and perfect love, and I can counsel you and direct you and guide you in your life, in your love, in your personal happiness.

Devoted,

Enaya

(Xn: Enaya has many peers in the heavenly realm, and you can ask one of them to be your personal protector, keeper, and friend.)

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**Keys Promise:** To grow in working with your helpers in the spiritual realm, call on the keys of insight, faith, spiritual sensitivity and openness. You will be fully possessed by Me and helped and guided by them, and will become a new creation in My sight, for My glory.

# LinkUP



Kristen

